At Even, When the Sun Was Set

1. At even, when the sun is set,
   The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
   O, in what divers pains they met!
   We know and feel that Thou art away!

2. Once more 'tis even tide, and we,
   Oppressed with various ills, draw near;
   What if Thy form we can not see,
   And some have lost the love they had.

3. O Savior Christ, our woes dispel;
   For some are sick and some are sad,
   And they who fain would serve Thee best
   Are conscious most of wrong with in.

4. And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
   For none are wholly free from sin;
   And they who fain would serve Thee best
   The very wounds that shame would hide.

5. O Savior Christ, Thou too art man;
   Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
   Thy kind but searching glance can scan
   And in Thy mercy heal us all.

6. Thy touch has still its ancient pow'r;
   No word from Thee can fruitless fall:
   Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
   Words: Henry Twells
   Music: Timothy B. Mason